

THE LIGUORIAN



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JUNE—1922

Per Year, \$2.00; Canada and Foreign, \$2.25; Single Copies, 20c
REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

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"Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that much of the reading matter that is so freely admitted into our homes is fraught with more danger to the soul of the child than the most virulent diseases are with danger to its physical health. Modern science and efficient public control teach us to guard the bodies of children from sickness and danger of death. The conscience of Christian parents should teach them to be equally vigilant when there is danger of the death of the soul of the child."

Give them good reading. Crowd out the bad.

**Subscription per year, \$2.00. Canada and Foreign,
\$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.**

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1912, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. X.

JUNE 1922

No. 6

To an Old Bell

The twilight falls o'er distant wold and lea,
The first bright star proclaims the end of day,
While curtained shadows ever onward flee,
Each fold empurpled by the dying ray.
Now, from the ancient tower, the silvery bell
Tolls forth its peaceful message soft and low,
Or far, or near, as night winds ebb and flow,
Its vibrant echoes to the breeze doth tell.

Ring on! Sweet Bell, as thou didst ever peal
To thousands e'er they lay with those who slept.
Their joy upon this hallow'd spot to kneel.
Some with gladsome hearts, while others wept.
Tell o'er thy tale as swift the time doth fly,
And life, for us, is ebbing to its close.
Speak to the heart that e'en would seek repose
While earth-born treasures in the grave must lie.

Ring out thy song of lasting joy and peace
To hearts that swell no more in idle dreams.
Whose patient waiting looks not for release
Save where, afar, the heavenly treasure gleams.
For them thy voice shall strike a chord of love,
Untouched by any earth-born hope of fame,
Whose duty ever shall be to reclaim
That soul unto its beauteous throne above.

Ring on! Ring on! Throughout our weal or woe.
At early morn, or when the day be spent,
We love thy voice as on through life we go.
Good friend of hearts so oft by sorrow rent,
Thy kindly tones, so dear to us of yore,
Peal through our life and stay until its end.
If we but to thy prayerful song attend,
We dwell with God e'en here and ever more.

—Brother Reginald, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

THE DINING CAR STEWARD AND OTHERS

C. D. MCENNIRY, C. SS. R.

The "Trans-Atlantic Flyer" was not flying; it was not even crawling. Its boasted record for the previous ninety days of being on time to the second, gave scant solace to the passengers who had sat sullen in the stalled train for forty-eight interminable hours, while the blizzard howled through the mountain passes and the rotary plows fought with the drifting snow. Father Timothy Casey took the long wait more philosophically. He had not passed all these years of ecclesiastical training without having his soul schooled to waiting—waiting for ordination, waiting for a parish, waiting for pew-rent, waiting for roofers, waiting for plumbers, waiting for servers, waiting for brides, waiting for corpses. Wrapped snugly in his overcoat he sat in the chilled car finishing his breviary.

Thomas Cook, bridge contractor, who could do practically anything except be patient under forced inactivity, had faithfully promised his wife that he would not disturb Father Casey until the priest had finished his office, but having approached every other individual on the train and having found them all too disgusted to carry on a conversation, he could restrain himself no longer.

"That's right, Father Casey," he bellowed, "Pray for us poor devils! We don't pray for ourselves!"

"Why don't you?" asked the priest, slipping a finger between the pages to mark where he left off.

"Why don't we pray for ourselves?" repeated Cook, nonplussed by the abrupt directness of the question. "The fact that we don't, is clear, but why we don't is not so easy to say."

"Are you joking, Mr. Cook, or is it true that you do not practice your religion?" Father Casey's passion for bringing in hardened sinners had kindled like a hunter's instinct at the tracks of a bear. He laid down his breviary without adjusting the book mark, and probably recited vespers twice that day on account of his thoughtlessness.

"Well now, Father Casey, that depends on what you mean by practicing religion. Back in Indiana where I was raised, there was an old fellow batching in the house across the road, and every night of the

year, after he had finished supper and done up the chores, he took off his shoes, rolled up his sleeves, and sawed on the fiddle for two blessed hours. 'Practisin', he called it. There was another old lad on the 'back forty'. He had a fiddle stowed away in a dust covered case. It was harder to connect him up with that fountain of harmony than to hitch a balky mule to a road-grader, except during one of his periodical drunks. Then, if his wife managed to get into the kitchen and barricade the door and he could not find anybody else to fight with, he'd go into the front room and take it out on that wheezy old fiddle 'practisin'. I guess practising religion is considerably like practising on the violin. It is—er—susceptible to divers interpretations."

"Oh," said the priest, "I understood that you had been brought up a Catholic!"

"Brought up a Catholic! Well, if you'd known my dad, I guess you'd say I was! Any time that I tried to slip into bed without studying my catechism, believe me, there was some show, and my dad was the star performer!"

"Then you know very well what is meant by practising your religion? The anecdotes about the fiddle are funny but not to the point. Do you go to the sacraments?"

"I generally fall in with the rear guard, the last Saturday night of Easter time. That little wife of mine would wreck our happy home if I did not make my Easter Duty—though, I guess, it does slip my mind once in a while if I happened to be on a job far enough away from home just at that time of the year."

"Do you go to Mass on Sundays?"

"Well, yes,—sometimes."

"Do you say your prayers?"

"Look here, Father Casey, this cross examination is getting down too much into details to be comfortable. I know the next question will be about the ten commandments—and there are certain of these same commandments that do not just fit in with the bridge-building business. Let's talk about something more gross and material. For example, do you think the dining car steward will scrape together enough odds and ends to make another meal for this hungry crew?"

"Who started this conversation on spiritual affairs?" asked the priest.

"Well, I'll own up that I did. But I could take an oath it was without malice aforethought."

"No oaths required—you're not building a bridge," retorted Father Casey. Then he added sadly: "You have no idea, Mr. Cook, how it pains a priest to see one, with your early training, give up the faith."

"Give up the faith!" cried Cook. "Never! I may not be just what you call an ornament to the Church, but at least I kept the faith."

"And so you believe there is a God, a Supreme Lord, Creator and Master of all, who placed you in this world to love and serve Him, and who will one day judge you according to your works and take you into heaven or send you to hell."

"Of course I believe it."

"And you believe that the Son of God became man and died on the Cross to free your soul from the power of the devil and that He founded the Catholic Church to help you to save that soul?"

"Without a doubt!"

"Then why don't you live according to your belief? Why don't you say your prayers and go to mass and keep the commandments?"

"To tell the truth, Father, I haven't the time. I—"

"When we get to Seattle,—that is, if we ever get there through these snow drifts—I suppose, on account of reaching there two or three days late, you will be extremely busy."

"Busier than ever before."

"And yet, suppose that at the moment you arrive you get a wire stating that the inspectors are threatening to condemn the bridge which you are just completing over the Mississippi, you would have time to take the next train East in order to be on the ground to defend your rights?"

"I'd have to find time, naturally."

"The fact is, you always have time—all the time there is—but it rests with you to decide how you shall apply it. There are many different things to which you might apply your time. You decide not to apply any of it to laying up treasures which you could enjoy for all eternity, but to apply it all to getting personal satisfaction and money and, what you call, reputation, which you can enjoy only for a few years at the most."

"But a man must live!"

"That's quite true. It is quite true also that a man must die. You manifest a poor conception of relative values when you direct all your attention to one of these important events and none whatsoever to the other."

After a pause the priest continued:

"When building a big bridge, I suppose you take every precaution to protect it from injury from the very beginning to the moment it is turned over to the owners?"

Cook eyed his questioner for a moment, then with a laugh he exclaimed:

"I suppose this will be another slam, but I'll be a sport. Yes, Father, I take every precaution to have the work protected from injury."

"In spite of your precautions, is it likely that your bridge will be destroyed by some accident before its completion?"

"No, it is not *likely*. A steel bridge is too big an investment to expose to any likely danger. The specifications call for adequate precautions against any likely danger."

"Therefore the destruction of the bridge is not *likely*,—but is it *possible*?"

"Of course it is possible; but I protect myself against the possible destruction of the bridge by insurance."

"You mean?"

"I mean that I pay a certain premium to an insurance company. If my bridge is destroyed by some unforeseen accident, the insurance company reimburses me."

"It must cost quite a considerable sum to insure a big bridge."

"You are right, it does."

"If you were to count up all that you have paid on insurance since you have been in the bridge-building business, you would find it quite a fortune?"

"Yes, a nice little fortune."

"Did you ever have a bridge so badly damaged that you could collect the entire insurance?"

"Never! The worst I had were some minor accidents."

"Then why throw that money away merely to guard against a possibility? Why don't you keep that money yourself instead of giving it to the insurance company. There is no *likelihood*—just a mere *possibility*, that you will ever have a serious accident. Why don't you keep that money and take a chance?"

"I might meet with an accident that would bankrupt me. No dependable concern could operate on that basis. It is bad business."

"Bad business!" cried the priest, "that's the word! When there is

question of filthy lucre, of the money you may enjoy for a few years, until pneumonia or apoplexy or a train wreck gets you, you take no chances. You carefully foresee and provide against any *likely* danger. Not content with that, you take out insurance against every *possible* danger. But when there is question of eternity, of heaven or hell, you take the wildest, the most reckless chances. That is neglecting the most important thing for the sake of a trifle—like giving all your attention to the color of the paint you put on a bridge and caring nothing for the quality of steel you put into it. Bad business! Confoundedly bad business! Any you call yourself a prudent, far-sighted, business man!"

"I knew it! I knew it!" groaned the bridge builder. "Why didn't I insist on talking about the dining car steward and I should not have gotten into this hole."

"Very well, Mr. Cook, you were a good sport, and discussed the subject I wanted, now I shall discuss the subject you want. As to the steward, I can't help admiring the way he handles this difficult situation. We hadn't been stalled a half hour before he saw what was coming and got authority from the conductor to commandeer everything edible in the baggage car. Furthermore, he tells me that he always carries a double supply of the staples on this trip, in order to be prepared for just such an eventuality. Right now he has men hunting their way to the miners' cabins to buy anything that will be sold. From the dinner he served last night one would never dream that we were marooned by a blizzard in the Rockies."

"Fact!" agreed Cook.

"What would the Company do to him if, instead of being the good steward he is, he were to neglect his duty? Suppose he spent his time playing poker with the miners and came up to the dining car only a couple of times a day to give it the 'once over'. What would the Company do to him?"

"That would be an outrage against the passengers as well as against the Company. They would fire him so quick, he wouldn't know what happened."

"Yet how is it, Mr. Cook, that you follow the very line of conduct you would condemn so mercilessly in him? You admit that you are a steward—for you have the faith—and that God Himself is your employer. He placed you in this world to care for your immortal soul—a soul so precious in His eyes, that He paid for it with the last

drop of His Divine Blood. An instead of attending to your stewardship you waste your time on things that are comparatively useless. The most you do for your soul is to give it a few moments of attention once in a great while when you have nothing else to do. Instead of caring for your soul you deliberately harm it by sin, and all this in the face of the fact that you must one day in the near future give a strict account of your stewardship to One who has the power of rewarding you with heaven or punishing you with hell. What kind of a steward are you? Answer me that."

"A blamed poor one, I'll say!" replied the contractor.

NO FASTENING

A sailor on a war vessel tumbled out of the rigging of the ship, where he was doing some work. In his fall he, with both hands, caught hold of a rope. And those who saw it from a distance, said:

"He's all right; he's saved!" and paid no more attention.

But, the rope had no fastening, and he fell further and faster as the rope payed out, till before anyone realized it, he struck the deck, a mangled mass.

A man may attempt to live well, and overcome every temptation by sheer will power; he forgets that his rope must be fastened to God by prayer and grace.

"I believe in work. I never forget for one moment that time is precious. I never forget that the sun does not stand still, and if a man is not careful the sun will leave him with his work unfinished. It is easy enough to accomplish something if you set out for it in earnest."

Hardest servitude has he
That's jailed in arrogant liberty;
And freedom,—spacious and unflawed,—
He, who's walled about with God.

If we are happy, we must hold the lamp of our happiness so that its beams will fall upon the shadowed hearts around us.

Greater Love

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI

Our Redeemer could have saved us without dying on the cross, and without suffering. One drop of His precious Blood would have been sufficient for our salvation. Even a single prayer offered to His eternal Father would have been enough; for by reason of His divinity, His prayer was of infinite value, and would therefore have sufficed for the salvation of the world, and even of a thousand worlds.

"But," says an ancient author, "what was sufficient for salvation was not sufficient for love." To show how much He loved us, our Saviour wished to shed not only part of His Blood, but every drop of it. Hence, when after death His side was opened with a lance, blood and water came forth, as if what then flowed was all that remained of His Blood.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." To show His love for us, what more could the Son of God do than die for us? What more can one man do for another than to give his life for him? Tell me, my brother, if the vilest man on earth had done for you what Jesus Christ has done in dying through pain on a cross, could you remember his love for you, and not love him?

O Christian! should a doubt ever enter your mind that Jesus Christ loves you, raise your eyes and look at Him hanging on the cross. The cross to which He is nailed, the interior and exterior sorrows which He endures, and the cruel death which He suffers for you, are convincing proofs of the love which He bears you. Do you not, says St. Bernard, hear the voice of that cross and of those wounds, crying out to make you feel that He truly loves you? In very truth, GREATER LOVE NO MAN HATH.

Next after God in our love is Mary; infinitely below God, because He alone is the uncreated; immensely above all other creatures, because she is the Mother of God. Being the Mother of Jesus, our brother, she is our Mother too. Jesus loved his Mother above all creatures, and we cannot be like Him if we do not love her too.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Fairy Cove

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS

J. W. BRENNAN, C. SS. R.

Little Elsie believed in fairies. Big folks laughed and said, "Let the child go. It is just her notions!" But Elsie knew better. Finger in mouth, she would listen in open eyed wonderment to the sceptical laughter of her father and her brothers and sisters; and then turn away unconvinced. "Seein' was believin'", and she had seen one,—and oh! what a wonderful time they had had.

It was a summer afternoon, bright and sunshiny; just the day that fairies like the best. When the morning sun had begun to stream brightly over the Canadian horizon, Elsie and her parents and brothers and sisters had left Detroit on a parish excursion. Far up in the front of the boat, she had watched the sunbeams strike on the windows of the homes on Grosse Isle making them glow as though on fire, she had seen the tiny curls of smoke rise slowly, lazily from the little cottages hidden in the Canadian woods, she had answered as best she could with her diminutive handkerchief, the salutes of the early bathers gathered at various beaches along the shore; and then tiring of this long distance scenery, she had gazed long and admiringly at the gentle waves rolling up to meet the boat and then falling off in a shower of diamonds along the side. For a moment she heard the strains of the ship's orchestra playing some dance music and shortly after, the remarks of some people who had come on deck to view the scenery,—one in particular remarking, "Good heavens, look at that child sitting away up there in the bow!"—but the wind that snapped the pennant at the mast-head and raced through her hair causing her new pink hair ribbon to stand out straight, soon put an end to this rude interruption.

As they neared their destination, the longer and higher waves of Lake Erie met them. Elsie laughed and clapped her hands with glee as the boat rose and fell with the undulation of the water. Soon she was able to spell out the words on a huge sign on an island to her right. It spelled Bois Blanc,—and she was quite surprised to hear some grown folks say "Bob-Lo." "That's a funny way to read," she thought, and then in the new thrill of watching the big boat swing around to the dock; of following her father and brothers as they forced a way

through the throng to the shore and finally of running out among the trees and shrubs of the island in glad relaxation, she forgot the strange name and the stranger reading. It was a fairy day indeed.

There were races and games during which she had sat with her mother among the spectators. Most uninteresting! Then there was a ball game in which her brothers, that is the two oldest, took part. She marvelled at this. They had come for a rest, and here they were, sweating and running around and really working harder than they ever worked at home. Afterwards they had all gone to the far side of the island and had lunch on a grass-covered knoll overlooking Lake Erie. After lunch, the base ball players went to take a swim, her other brothers and sisters went off to try some of the amusements, her mother joined another group nearby, and her father stretched himself on the grass to take a nap. She felt tired herself, but the time was too precious; she could sleep when she got home. Left to herself, she wandered down to the shore where there were tiny shells and queer colored pebbles to interest her and where the waves were always playing "Tag" upon the beach.

She sat down to admire the wide expanse of scenery; her eyes roamed from the vast expanse of water to her left, over the island hidden in the distance, then up to the bathing beach where she knew her brothers were again hard at work enjoying themselves, and finally back along the shore till she suddenly discovered a queer little cave near her, just big enough for her foot. While she was looking at it, a tiny figure appeared in the entrance.

"Please do not stare so hard," said a little voice that sounded like trickling water or the tinkling of Japanese glasses; it was so high and sweet and clear.

"I beg your pardon," said Elsie, blushing. Her mother had told her that it was rude to stare at people. "I did not mean to stare. But do come out—." Immediately the little fairy came out. She was like a little doll, only much more frail. Her golden hair seemed made of sunbeams, her eyes were as blue as the heavens, as transparent as crystal, and her garments were woven of the finest silken spider webs obtainable either here or abroad. She reached up and grasped a swaying sprig of timothy.

"Gracious, you are quick!" gasped Elsie in surprise as the little fairy landed, balancing herself carefully on the child's knee.

"That is my nature," she replied smiling.

"Well, let's get acquainted," said Elsie, now less astonished. "My name's Elsie."

"Mine is Oby," responded the fairy coyly.

"Oby! That's a funny name. It must be the short for something. Do tell me your whole name," urged Elsie.

"Why, Obediency, to be sure; and not so very funny at that," answered the other, a trifle piqued. Then her countenance broke into a smile as she noticed the child's frown.

"Hm! That sounds like a word of more than six letters. We've only got as far as words of six letters in school. I'm afraid I couldn't spell it." The fairy laughed, a light, rippling laugh, softer and yet merrier than any Elsie had ever heard before. "And what do you do all day long?" inquired Elsie, now more interested than ever.

"Whatever I am told. You see that is my nature. I just can't help it."

"Well then," said Elsie, "fly up to that big leaf up there," she pointed to a branch over her head, but the fairy was there already, laughing heartily. "Gracious, do you act so quickly every time someone says something?"

"Yes, generally," said Oby. "You see, mortal folks do so little of what they are told, that I am supposed to make up for it, and give them good examples." A gust of wind struck the branch and she swayed perilously. Elsie hung her head when she heard this. Many a time she remembered, she had been told to do things and had failed,—forgotten rather. For instance there were the little wooden plates they had used for lunch; she remembered now that her mother had told her to gather them up and put them in one of the big wire baskets placed on the island for that purpose. And the wooden plates reminded her of another event; when her mother had told her to set the table for supper, and she had gone out and played "just for a little while" and did not return till she saw her father coming home from work, and then had hurried into the house to find her mother doing her work for her. Then there were numerous other occasions, all trooping up like a host of phantoms,—but after all they were past and gone now,—and besides this was a picnic!

"Please come down again, Oby," she said by way of changing the topic of conversation, which had now become uncomfortable. "I want to see your hair." The fairy was back on Elsie's knee in a flash.

"My, what beautiful hair!" exclaimed Elsie, clapping her hands with glee. "Would you please try to fix mine that way?"

Without a word, Obediency flew to Elsie's head and began to work. But as the diminutive fairy was only half the size of Elsie's comb, she found it quite a task.

"I don't think I will be able to do it," she said to Elsie, her thin little voice seeming to float down from some place miles away; "I don't think I can do it, unless you remove that comb. It is awfully heavy you know." There was a note of fatigue in her voice. Elsie took out the comb and the fairy began to work. But the hair, which Elsie's relatives and friends had often said was unusually fine, was like heavy twine to the fairy's fingers.

"I rather think I shall have to rest," came the little voice from somewhere far away; "your hair is very heavy and besides it is very dusty." She came down again and sat on Elsie's knee, fanning herself with the end of a blade of grass.

"Dusty!" exclaimed Elsie in dismay. "Oh, that reminds me,—I was told to wear my hat on the way to the boat this morning; but it was so nice with the window open in the street-car, that I just couldn't help,—"

"—not doing what you were told," added Obediency grimly. "Well, I feel rested, and so I will try again." In a trice she had returned to the top of Elsie's head and was again at work.

She worked diligently for a few minutes. Finally a strand of hair slipped away from her grasp and fell down over Elsie's nose. Immediately her fairy friend flew down to seize it. The movement caused the tip of her wing to brush the edge of Elsie's nose. She heroically restrained a violent inclination to sneeze. Then another curl slipped down over her right ear. This was more than Elsie could stand. She felt little ticklish tremors all over her face and could hardly keep her hands from trying to rub them away. It was almost as bad as the time she sat in the dentist's chair waiting for him to put that horrid drill in her mouth.

Suddenly there was a roar like a clap of thunder. The fairy fled and Elsie awoke to find big, white-capped waves dashing over the little cave on the shore, while kneeling around her were her brothers and sisters all laughing heartily and holding long straws in their hands.

The sun had disappeared; the river and lake looked like a field of snow-white cotton; dark, heavy clouds hung low over the horizon, and

once she felt the spray from the waves blow across her face. She rubbed her eyes incredulously.

"At last!" exclaimed one of her brothers. "Wake up, sleepy-head," called out another; "wake up and get a move on if you don't want to be washed away. It's going to rain."

Elsie was going to answer them sharply, when a long, brilliant flash of flame hung momentarily over the horizon, to be followed in a few seconds by a terrific peal of thunder that fairly shook the ground. Elsie jumped to her feet, and none too soon for the great, big drops of rain were beginning to fall.

As they hurried to the place where they had lunched, she noticed the wooden plates still lying about in disorder. While the rest gathered up their coats and hats and the remains of the lunch, she picked up the debris hurriedly, for the name of her fairy friend and what it signified were still fresh in her mind. The rest did not notice her, till beginning the procession to the nearest shelter, one of her brothers noticed she was missing. Looking around, he saw her racing through the rain to the nearest "Refuse" basket.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he called out, "take a look while it lasts; Elsie's doing what she is told,—for a change!"

Later when they were on the return trip, they went out on deck to watch the beautiful rainbow. While the rest of the party were admiring its beauty, Elsie told her mother of her wonderful afternoon. "And she was a real fairy, Mother!"

"Perhaps she was," agreed her mother, "perhaps she was, but I am inclined to think she was your conscience."

Nevertheless, every year, when the family takes a trip to Bob Lo,—otherwise spelled Bois Blanc,—Elsie never fails to visit the enchanted spot. And you can find it too, if you go up to Detroit in the summer time, and take the boat to Bob Lo, and go to the southern end of the island and search for the place just around the point from the island light house, where you can see Sugar Island straight ahead of you, and Lake Erie sleeping lazily on your left; but it must be a sunshiny day and it is good to feel just a wee bit drowsy.

They used to call it,—and perhaps they do still,—Fairy Cove.

Full oft a single word has been like a switch that turns a train from the route running toward a frozen North, to a track leading into the tropic South.

The Paths of Light

ELIZABETH A. SETON: CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Bayley Seton was now a child of the Church. She was received on March 14, 1805.

FIRST CONFESSION AND COMMUNION.

Her first confession was made to the Rev. Mr. O'Brien. On her return home, she wrote in her dairy:

"It is done—easy enough! The kindest, most respectable confessor is this Mr. O'Brien,—with the compassion and yet firmness in this work of mercy, which I would have expected from my Lord Himself. Our Lord Himself I saw alone in him, both in his and my part of this venerable Sacrament; for oh! how awful those words of unloosing after thirty years bondage. I felt as if my chains fell, as those of St. Peter, at the touch of the divine messenger.

"My God! What new scenes for my soul! Annunciation day I shall be made one with Him who said: 'Unless you eat My flesh and drink My blood, you can have no part with Me'. I count the days and hours,—yet a few more of hope and expectation and then—. How bright the sun these morning walks of preparation. Deep snow or smooth ice,—all the same to me! I see nothing but the little bright cross on St. Peter's steeple."

March 25th, the feast of the Annunciation came and with it her First Holy Communion. That day was to her the brightest of her life. She never forgot it and each year celebrated the anniversary with a renewal of fervor and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Her feelings on that day are recorded in her dairy:

"At last God is mine and I am His. Now let all go its round. I have received Him. The awful impressions of the evening before,—fears of not having done all to prepare, and yet even the transports of confidence and hope in His goodness. My God! to the last breath of life will I not remember this night of watching for the morning dawn—the fearful, beating heart, so pressing to be gone—the long walk to town—but every step counted nearer that street—then nearer that tabernacle—then nearer the moment when He would enter the poor, poor

little dwelling so all His own! And when He did come, the first thought I remember was: 'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered'; for it seemed to me my King had come to take His throne, and, instead of the humble, tender welcome I had expected to give Him, it was but a triumph of joy and gladness that the deliverer was come, and my defence and shield and strength and salvation made mine for this world and the next. * * * Now the point is, for the fruits. So far, truly I feel all the powers of my soul held fast by Him who came with so much majesty to take possession of His poor little kingdom."

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE SAINTS.

Nor were these fleeting, momentary feelings, transient sentiments. They were convictions which followed her through life, they were realities to her that proved ever the source of happiness and strength amid trials, of advancement in virtue and self-improvement. As an evidence of this we might simply take some of her letters, written as time went on to her old friends, the Filicchi's. In regard to the Blessed Sacrament, for instance, she says:

"There's a mystery,—the greatest of all mysteries, not that my adored Lord is in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar,—His word has said it, and what so simple as to take that word which is truth itself?—but that souls of His own creation, whom He gave His life to save, who are endowed with His choicest gifts in all things else, should remain blind, insensible and deprived of that light without which every other blessing is unavailing, and that the ungrateful, stupid, faithless being to whom He has given the free, the bounteous, the heavenly gift shall approach His true and holy sanctuary, taste the sweetness of His presence, feed on the bread of Angels, * * * yet still remain grovelling on the earth. * * * Jesus then is there: we can go, receive Him; He is our own. Were we to pause and think of this through eternity, yet we could only realize it by His conviction. That He is there—oh heavenly theme!—is as entirely true as that bread naturally taken removes my hunger,—so this bread of angels removes my pain, my cares; warms, cheers, soothes, contents and renews my whole being. Merciful God! and I do possess you! kindest, tenderest, dearest friend; every affection of my nature absorbed in you, still is active, nay perfected in its operations through Your refining love."

Here are all the characteristics of true piety. The wonderful condescension of God fills her with a deep realization of her own sinfulness

and unworthiness; she sees sin in the light of God to whom every least blemish is abhorred. Yet she is not cast down, but rather, desires the more eagerly to approach Him often. She loves intensely, yet she is not made inactive or inattentive to her ordinary duties. She clings to Him with every fiber of her heart, still her heart beats with motherly affection for her children and her friendships are as beautiful as ever. True love of God does not cast out love for those with whom God has bound us up nor stop up the springs of action: it rather intensifies and hallows them by digging for them a deeper and straighter channel.

Confession, similarly, ever remained a source of happiness. It made her think back on the days when she had not known the true Faith and she exclaims:

"Which of us having once tasted how sweet the Lord is on His holy altar and in His true sanctuary, who finding at that altar his nourishment of soul and strength to labor, his propitiation, thanksgiving, hope and refuge, can think but with sorrow and anguish of heart of the naked, unsubstantial, comfortless worship they partake who know not the treasure of our faith. * * * Oh my soul, when our corrupted nature overpowers, when we are sick of ourselves, weakened on all sides, discouraged with repeated relapses, wearied with sin and sorrow, we gently, sweetly lay the whole account at His feet; reconciled and encouraged by His appointed representative, yet trembling and conscious of our imperfect dispositions, we draw near the sacred fountain. * * * Scarcely the expanded heart receives its longing desire, when, wrapt in His love, covered with His righteousness, we are no longer the same—adoration, thanksgiving, love, joy, peace, contentment."

And again she says, speaking of confession: "Dear, dear adored Redeemer, as the suffering, disobedient child, but wretched and lost without Your reviving and pitying tenderness and pardon, I have lain and still remain at Your sacred feet. The abundance of tears there shed, will, mixed with Your Precious Blood, feed and nourish the soul that faints and pants for deliverance from its chains, and hopes in Your mercy alone."

Her diary shows that from the very first she began to live the life of the Church most fully. For the days are all dated with the Saint whose feast is celebrated. Thus, the feast of St. Thomas of Villanova makes her say:

"What is pain, sorrow, poverty, reproach? Blessed Lord, they were all once Thy intimates, thy chosen companions, and can I reject

them as enemies and fly from the friends You send to bring me to Your kingdom? Lord, I am dust; in sweetest, pitying mercy scourge me, compel my coward, feeble spirit; fill it with that fire which consumed the blessed Saint this day commemorated, when He cried out, declaring that all torments and fatigue should joyfully be borne to obtain it. Unite my unworthy soul to His earnest entreaty: 'O omnipotent Jesus! give me what Thou thyself commandest; for though to love Thee be of all things most sweet, yet it is above the reach and strength of nature. But I am inexcusable if I do not love Thee, for Thou grantest Thy love to all who desire or ask it. I cannot see without the light, yet if I shut my eyes to the noon-day light, the fault is not in the sun but in me.'"

In the midst of all her daily duties—instructing her children or shopping, teaching school or doing house-work, she practised with singular steadiness the presence of God. Thus after a day of many distracting cares, she notes:

"Who can bind the soul which God sets free? It sprang to Him fifty times an hour. Scarcely a moment without being turned to Him, while the voice and eyes were answering down below."

An again, after a night spent in watching at the bedside of her sick children, she writes:

"Our little hospital is cheerful this morning after a sad night. I gladly accompanied our adored Lord in spirit through the streets of Jerusalem all night. When the heart is all His, how easy is pain and sorrow, or rather, pain and sorrow become purest joy. The hand trembles, as you may see, but the soul is all peace."

THORNS AMID THE ROSES.

Her way was sown not unsparingly with the roses of God's graces and blessings. Chief among these she reckoned the friendships which she found among her new brethren and the esteem she won from prelates and priests. Bishop Carroll had learned to appreciate her sterling worth, and with Father (later Cardinal) Cheverus, Fathers Matignon, Tisserant, Sibourd, Hurley and O'Brien, she carried on a correspondence that reveals not only her piety, but also her humility and desire to be constantly guided in her spiritual life by God's representatives. In these friendships she found the greatest comfort.

As to her temporal wants, kind friends helped her in a truly Christian way. For at first, turned out by her relatives, all her means

consumed in the vain attempt to save her husband's life, having five children to take care of, she was certainly in a very difficult position. Mr. Filicchi proved as ever her constant friend.

But she did not wish to depend on others as long as she could do something for herself and her children. She opened a boarding house for boys attending an academy near her home. Her two sons she placed in Georgetown College..

The thorns were not lacking. We today are hardly able to form an idea of the hostility to the Faith which existed in her time. To leave the ranks of Protestantism then was simply a degradation, socially and politically, and brought upon those who were hardy enough to attempt it, a complete ostracism. Mrs. Seton was disinherited and disowned. The storm broke with new fury when her sister-in-law, Miss Cecilia Seton, came over to the Church. Of course, she was blamed for it. Former friends then forbade their children to speak to Mrs. Seton or any of hers; they threatened to have her driven from the State. Nay, Bishop Moore of New York and Rev. Mr. Hobart, her former pastor, boycotted her boarding house, so to speak, and called upon their people to have no communion with Mrs. Seton. This, together with difficulties that turned up in the course of time,—especially the unsuitability of the boy boarders as companions for her children,—made her give up her boarding house and once more brought her into difficult straits.

Once more, however, it came true: when the night is darkest, dawn is near. She wrote to Bishop Carroll asking for advice as to what she should do. He advised her to go to Montreal, where Mr. Filicchi had promised to take care of her and her girls in some convent. But just at that time she met Rev. Mr. Dubourg. And here begins a new chapter in her life: she found the place God had destined for her.

FOUNDRRESS OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Almost after his first conversation with Mrs. Seton, Rev. Mr. Dubourg declared to her:

"You are destined, I think, for some great good in the United States, and here you should remain in preference to any other location. For the rest, God has His moments which we must not seek to anticipate, and a prudent delay only brings to maturity the good desires which He awakens within us."

This struck Mrs. Seton almost like a thunderclap. Never had she dreamed of herself in this light. She wrote to Mr. Filicchi:

"The very idea is enough to turn a stronger brain; but I know very well, He sees differently from man, and, as obedience is His favorite service and cannot lead me wrong, according to the old rule, I look neither behind nor before, but straight upward, without thinking of human calculations."

Not long after, Mr. Dubourg explained to her the plan he had formed of establishing a school for the religious instruction of girls and invited her to come to Baltimore to direct it. She objected her lack of talents. He replied: "We want example more than talent."

In a letter dated May 8, 1808, he outlined to her the plan of the new school. What interests us, as revealing the character of the woman whom Dr. Dubourg entrusted with this foundation, is the financial question. He says:

"True it is, that the number of such (pupils) being small, it would perhaps take several years before the income of the pensions would be equal to the expense. To supply the deficiency we must depend on Providence, which has already given you sufficient encouragement, to save us the imputation of rashness. If one year's experience persuades us that the establishment is likely to succeed in promoting the grand object of a Catholic and virtuous education, and if it pleases Almighty God to give you and your good Cecilia and your amiable daughter, a relish for your functions and a resolution to devote yourselves to it, so as to secure permanency to the institution, we will then consult Him about the means of perpetuating it, by the association of some other pious ladies who may be animated with the same spirit."

In June 1808 she set out for Baltimore. Here at once she gained many friends through her evident holiness. In September she opened her boarding school with twenty pupils. Later through a providential arrangement the school was transferred to Emmitsburg, Maryland, where was laid the foundation of the Sisters of Charity.

Father Cheverus, when he heard of the foundation, wrote to her:

"How admirable is divine Providence! I see already numerous choirs of virgins following you to the altar. I see your holy order diffusing itself in the different parts of the United States, spreading everywhere the good odor of Jesus Christ, and teaching by the angelical lives and pious instructions how to serve God in purity and holiness. I have no doubt, my beloved and venerable sister, that He who has begun this work will bring it to perfection."

Mother Seton herself, however, was almost overwhelmed by the

greatness of the work and the responsibility, especially when she saw young women gather round her in numbers, to form the nucleus of a new order. She could only exclaim:

"My Gracious God! You know my unfitness for this task. I who by my sins have so often crucified You, I blush with shame and confusion. How can I teach others, who know so little myself, and am so miserable and imperfect!"

Yet in obedience to her spiritual advisers, she went ahead with the work despite all obstacles. On such humility God could build anything. St. Augustine says somewhere: "If you would build high and durably, lay deep the foundations in humility." Humility and perfect correspondence with God's will,—these were the traits Mrs. Seton showed in her conversion, in her trials, and now in the new foundation. Father Cheverus' words proved prophetic. Mother Seton's new institution grew wonderfully; young women gathered round her in great numbers, and now throughout the whole United States, in schools, academies, hospitals, asylums, and orphanages, the name of Sisters of Charity is held in benediction.

Such was the path into which Divine Light led Elizabeth Bayley Seton.

"All eyes," says the great St. Bernard, "are fixed on Mary—those who are in heaven, those in purgatory, those who have gone before us, those who are now living and who will come after us. All look up to Mary. O Holy Virgin, through thee the angels find joy, the just peace, and sinners forgiveness; and justly are the eyes of all turned to thee."

TO A CATHEDRAL

M. L. CARTER.

Oh clasp me in thine arms, what though they're stone,
And with thy cool hand sooth my fevered brow.
The endless clang and clamor faintly now
Besiege my ears within thy walls, alone.
Antique, gray structure from the years long flown,
With thy vast pillars looming to the sweep
Of fretted roof, around which cherubs peep;
Thy windows where the gospel tale is shown;
Thy dark pews row on row amid the shade,
Which soft the place pervades, save for the beam
The great rose window on the altar made;
A symbol of that ancient Faith you seem,
Which shelters me and millions, unafraid
Of Falsehood's fury or Delusion's Dream.

CONVENT EDUCATION

I am not a Catholic. I am a judge. I was educated in the public school of my native town. I remember that my first orations were forensics in defense of this system. Afterwards, my two years in a sectarian college tempered my belief in public schools. I realized that I received something from my religious instructions that, rebel though I was in most matters of doctrine, impressed me and set me in certain standards that have upheld me through many moral crises. My university years seem like sand sliding from the rock of my earlier home and college training. My wife, who had taught in a girl's school in Pennsylvania before our marriage, often made the same remark to me about the relative value of her own university education. Nor did she approve altogether of the girl's schools in which she had taught. "There's too much snobbery in them," she declared, "too much materialism, too much emphasis on the purely social. I wonder why we can't establish institutions of the ethical standards of the Catholic convents?"

It was the first time I had ever heard any one suggest that Catholic convents held any standard of education that non-Catholics should emulate. That my wife, who was one of the keenest students I have ever known, should make the remark, impressed me at the time. The memory of it impressed me again when I was struggling to think out the problem of our daughters' education, for my wife's death when Ethel was thirteen and Abigail eleven left me helpless to determine the best course for the girls. I could find no school for the girls that satisfied my ideas of moral propriety and educational broadness. True, there were excellent institutions of sectarian bias; but they had, I noted, a narrowing tendency that I have always deprecated. On the other hand, there were educational institutions without any sectarian, in fact any religious tendency. But my years on the bench have convinced me of the need of definite religious training.

It is a strange commentary on American education that the men and women most familiar with various educational systems, public and private, in the country, should be the ones who are hesitant about sending their sons and daughters to the very schools in which they were educated. My wife had consistently opposed co-educational universities and ordinary girls' schools for our daughters. She had, I think, an idea that Ethel and Abigail would eventually go to one

of the women's colleges of the East. But in the meantime I had to fill four years for Ethel and six for Abigail.

I consulted my old partner, the judge. "Send them to a Catholic convent," he growled characteristically. "Sisters take care of girls right. That's their business. They're not working for the money. And 'Glory-to-God' work is the only kind where the other fellow has a chance to sit in the game." Curiously enough, his words brought back to me my wife's remark about the ethical standards of Catholic convents. I took a mental review of the women in our town whom I knew to be convent graduates, comparing them with women I knew to be the products of other methods of education. With a few exceptions the balance stood overwhelmingly in favor of the convent-bred women. "I'll send them," I said.

My girls have been for two years in one of the largest Catholic convents in the West. During their first visit home I studied them keenly, looking for evidences of any acquired traits I might consider undesirable. I did not find them. I had at least expected repression; but I find my girls as heartily wholesome as ever. They are doing well with their work. I know their moral standards are being fused. I know they are safe. And, although I am a lonely middle-aged man in a big house for nine months of the year, I am willing to make the sacrifice in the certainty that I am doing my duty to my daughters in giving them the best kind of education for their needs. For I have lived long enough to see that the great need of America is men and women of moral strength and high standards; and I can see that these are qualities the convent school is giving to my girls.

The Denver Catholic Register.

The Teachers' Registration Section of the N. C. W. C. Bureau of Education is receiving a considerable number of requests for lay teachers for Catholic Colleges,—especially for instructors in sciences and the newer subjects in the curriculum. The salaries offered by these institutions are equivalent to those paid in non-Catholic schools.

The second annual report of the Catholic Instruction League of Omaha, Neb., has been submitted by the secretary. The summary reads: Number of centers, 23; Children enrolled, 1801; Teachers, 100; Associate members, 72; First communicants, about 600; Confirmations, 740; Converts, 20; Baptisms, 32.

The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope

CH. XVIII. THE FIFTH ACT

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

The "Vixen" dashed towards the bridge which was already closing. The whistle of the approaching train could be heard as it rumbled onto the bridge approach on the Alabama side. Would the "Vixen" make it? If not, she would be trapped for there would be no escape, and she would surely be caught red handed with the goods. But if she could make it, her pursuers would be temporarily delayed, long enough to give her a good start. No demand had been made from either boat for her to stop, and so no accusation could be made that she was running away. If she could make it before the gate would fall, well and good; if she missed it even by one inch, she would crash into the bridge, very likely carry away the center span, and have the whole train of cars come piling on top of her. She did not swerve a hair's breadth from her course. McGregor set his jaw. The tug struck fair, midway between the two stone pillars of the center span of the bridge. The gate just grazed the top of the pilot house in its descent, but they were through and she bounded away down the river under full steam. The Greyhound had just enough time to make a half circle, not to crash into the bridge, and as for Patrick in the little power boat, he made a long turn towards the Pulaski shore, and went through a smaller opening under the first span, but when he emerged on the other side, the "Vixen" having that much of a start was no where to be seen.

It was at least a quarter of an hour before the bridge opened so that the Greyhound could get through, and when she did emerge on the other side, nothing was to be seen of either the "Vixen" or the little power-boat. What had become of them? The "Vixen" had been painted with a view to such an emergency as this, a dark dove color, and at a little distance she blended so perfectly with the water, or banks or foliage, that it was hardly possible to descry her. A dense bank of clouds coming over the moon at that moment was most favorable to her, and McGregor, under full steam steered over as close as possible to the left bank. About ten miles down there was a little island,—“Cat Island,”—covered with a dense growth of low willows, known in the Mississippi River parlance as a “tow-head”. Between this island and

the bank, ran a narrow chute about thirty feet wide, and just about deep enough to let the "Vixen" through. Patrick turned on full power as he sped down the river, for he knew if he went ahead of the "Vixen" anywhere, then she would be between him and the Greyhound, which he knew would soon be coming after.

"That was a close call," said McGregor, "and I think they'll not catch us this time. We have a good start." And he gave a harsh laugh.

"How are we going to escape?" questioned Butterworth anxiously, looking uneasily up the stream.

"We're as fast as either of them," replied McGregor, "and it's a question of fuel. Now I have on board an extra supply of fuel. I'm making now for the chute east of "Cat Island". You and the men get all the hootch and have it ready to dump, when I tell you. I'll slow down, and then even if we are caught, there is no contraband on board."

The ten miles were soon covered and presently "Cat Island" loomed up ahead. The clouds were still friendly and as McGregor slowed up not far from the bank of the island, Butterworth and the two men soon dumped the hootch overboard, and then sprang forward again under full steam.

Patrick in the meantime had been ploughing his way full tilt right down the middle of the Chattahoochie. The Greyhound, now under full steam, came rushing along, swinging from side to side a powerful searchlight. Now, Patrick knew every part of the river, even better than McGregor, for he had navigated it many times. Somehow he divined that McGregor would go through the chute, though he did not know that he would slow up. So swerving to the left he swung in close to the left bank of the island, keeping a sharp watch on every side. Just then the moon shone out bright and clear, and there Patrick saw coming down out of the chute, at full speed, the "Vixen". He waited until the "Vixen" got about abreast of him, then, to McGregor's surprise he sang out across the waters, "Ship ahoy! Halt!"

"Halt, nothing!" roared back McGregor. "What pirate are you to waylay respectable citizens minding their own business?"

"I'm the State of Georgia Prohibition Enforcement Officer, Patrick Maloney, and I have a search warrant for the "Vixen." Halt at once or I'll fire into you."

McGregor slowed up and as Patrick's boat touched the side and

grappled, Patrick stepped aboard with several of his deputies, each with a revolver in his hand.

"You're under arrest," said Patrick, "under suspicion of conducting an illicit distillery and transporting alcoholic liquor."

"The — you say!" grunted McGregor. "Get busy then and search, and be quick about it, for we have our business to attend to. We must deliver all the goods tonight."

"I'm sorry, Mr. McGregor," replied Patrick, "but you'll not deliver any of these goods tonight. Where's Butterworth!" looking around.

"I don't know!" snapped McGregor savagely. "I'm not his keeper."

"But he was surely on this boat," said Patrick.

In the meantime a rocket had been sent up, and presently the Greyhound came rushing along. She swung in close to the two boats, and in a few moments, the three men under guard, were snug in her cabin while Patrick and his deputies went through the cargo to find contraband. They searched high and low but no sign of "hootch" or Butterworth. A look of disappointment passed over Patrick's countenance. Plainly he had been outwitted.

"Well, men," he said at last, "You saw Butterworth boarding this vessel at the Hermitage wharf, and you saw a larger number of boxes loaded than we find now. Butterworth and some of the boxes have disappeared. What legerdemain they have been guilty of, I know not. These "Korn Kurnels" supply us with no evidence. And we have no time tonight to hunt them up, as we have other work to do. Before daylight we must raid the "Hermitage". I fear that Butterworth is on his way there now, to give the alarm." So the three boats started back for Pulaski, the deputies in the meantime, ripping open the boxes of the "Korn Kurnels" in the hope of finding some scrap of evidence. McGregor's engineer was forced to run the "Vixen" at the point of a revolver, and McGregor himself under similar conditions was forced to pilot, while the "Korn Kurnels" were being scattered to the fourwinds. Finally McGregor could contain himself no longer.

"Who's going to pay for all the wanton destruction you fellows are making?" he blurted out.

"Keep a respectable tongue in your head," replied one of the deputies, "or I'll give you a door knob on the top of it," brandishing a heavy six-shooter close to his ear.

Patrick was standing at the prow looking up the river, the last case but one had been emptied and no result.

"O ——" said the deputy with a groan, as he straightened up, "this is killing. Pitch that one out as it is. I'm tired."

"No!" exclaimed Patrick turning, "break it open. It is only one more. Make a good job of it."

"In a moment the last box was ripped open, and there stood revealed like a rank of soldiers going into battle, twelve bottles of Butterworth's best Corn Whiskey. Patrick's face lighted up like a May-day.

"Caught with the goods!" he exclaimed and looked sternly at the deputy who had suggested pitching it overboard. That same deputy was "fired" next day. McGregor glanced back and smothered an oath in his throat.

"That cooks my goose," he muttered to himself bitterly. "I hope the —— is at the bottom of the chute," referring to Butterworth. Such is the constancy of criminals. With them it's—"every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost".

The boats soon reached Pulaski where McGregor and his two companions were marched off to jail. Then tying up the "Vixen" and the little power-boat to the wharf, the entire force, heavily armed, before the clock struck four, were steaming rapidly up the stream to the Hermitage. The moon had gone down and a thick darkness had settled on all the world. But to the Greyhound with her powerful searchlight, it was as light as day, and she negotiated the quick bends and deceptive shallows of Clark's Creek with amazing rapidity. About half past four she pulled up at Butterworth's wharf, and about a quarter of an hour later the entire force of fifteen men stood silent before the building of the Native Products Corporation.

The plant was in full blast and you could hear the soft puff of the slender smoke stack. No lights were to be seen except the small red-light over the main entrance up stairs. The night shift of six men were all at work below, but no ray penetrated the outer darkness, as the stills were entirely under the ground. How to get at them was the question. The day shift were sleeping in a one story ramshackle pine building near by. So they determined to capture the day shift first. They soon found their way to the large double door, but found it locked. Patrick found a window near by. It gave easily and slowly went up. One of the men held it and Patrick went in lightly like a shadow. Two men followed him, and then a third. The sleeping men were breathing heavily and some snoring loudly. In a moment Patrick had found the

door. The key was in the lock. He turned it gently. The door gave, and swung open on its hinges with a loud squeak.

"That you Tom?" came a voice out of the darkness.

"Yes!" said Patrick.

"What do you want?" said the voice.

"A chaw of tobacco," returned Patrick.

"Alright", said the voice sleepily, "In my coat pocket."

Then at a signal twelve strong search lights flashed and the apartment lit up like the Kaiser's palace.

"Hell!" exclaimed the voice as the man came to the perpendicular at the edge of his bed.

"You're under arrest!" said the nearest deputy flashing a revolver in his face. "Keep quiet!" In a moment the six men sat on the edge of their beds blinking into the searchlights with a revolver staring them in the face.

"Get into your clothes and be quick about it," said Patrick. They were soon ready.

"Now lead the way to the still and we want no foolishness." One of the men demurred.

"Put the noose around his neck," commanded Patrick.

"Oh, alright, come on," said the fellow with a look of terror on his face.

At the door of the main building he pulled a small lever, and the door opened. Then an electric button poured on a full flow of light. The five prisoners handcuffed were placed in the care of one of the deputies, while all the rest followed Dave Barton through Butterworth's office down the narrow stairway and in a jiffy the six men below were prisoners. Thirteen criminals bagged and not a shot fired. Patrick smiled as he looked around at the equipment of the place.

"A good night's work, boys!" he said. "But the principal bird is at large.

The next day a hundred men scoured the country, and at last they found Butterworth hiding in a negro cabin on the southern edge of Odgen Swamp. He had slipped off the stern of the "Vixen" unobserved and swum to Cat Island, where he sat shivering in the cold February wind; then after the departure of the boat had swum the chute to the main land, and running through the thick underbrush to keep his blood in circulation, finally, two miles from the river, found the negro cabin and got the darkies to build a good fire and dry him

and his clothes. Some of his captors wanted to string him up at the nearest post. "Such anarchists are a menace to civilized life," they argued, "and the sooner you get rid of them, the better." But saner counsels prevailed, and handcuffed and heavily guarded he was jailed with his companions.

The next day, he and McGregor were released on a \$10,000 bond, and their trial set for May 1st. The rest finding no bond men were obliged to wait their trial in jail.

On the morning of that day, the day of Butterworth's capture and the early morning raid of the "Hermitage," just before breakfast, in a dainty morning dress, Janice sat at the grand piano, the gift of Uncle Stanhope, softly singing a stanza from Father Ryan's 'Conquered Banner', to an air of her own composition:

"Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it.
And there's not a sword to save it.
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it,—let it rest!"

Her beautiful clear soprano rang out clear through the stillness of the morning air, for there was no sound about the house, when the bell rang for breakfast.

There came a sound of hand-clasping on the front porch as Uncle Stanhope, accompanied by Father Liscombe opened the door and came in.

"Bravo!" said Uncle Stanhope, "I prevailed on Father Liscombe to take breakfast with us this morning. He's quite forgetting us of late, in that delightful bungalow of his over there."

"It is always a pleasure for me to break bread with you," said Father Liscombe simply, "and especially when it is prefaced by such lovely singing of one of my favorites."

"Thank you!" returned Janice with a flush of pleasure, for nothing pleased her more than to be complimented. The men had noticed that and so they laid it on thick sometimes. It's wonderful how much some women can swallow, and believe it too, as if it were gospel truth.

They were scarcely seated at the breakfast table, when Uncle Stan-

hope had split a steaming piece of Aunt Liza's best corn bread, and deposited a huge chunk of butter into it, closing it again, where it lay on his plate smoking like Popocatepetl, when the phone gave a sudden ring. Janice jumped like one shot. "I'll answer it," she exclaimed; "I'm the youngest." She returned instantly.

"It's for you, Uncle Stanhope. Mr. Maloney wants to speak with you."

Uncle Stanhope rose at once, the other three were listening with great attention.

"Hello," said Stanhope. "You don't say. I'm glad of it. Well, I say let the law take its course. They ought to get the full limit. Good bye." And the receiver clicked into its place.

"Some great news, I'll say," said Uncle Stanhope sitting down again. All eyes were fixed on his face. But he took his time.

"Out with it," snapped Janice nervously. "We're bursting with suspense."

"Butterworth's plant was raided early this morning and all his men arrested. They found several stills hard at work there. Those "Korn Kurnels" of his are more like "Kentucky Colonels," grinning. "This McGregor that runs the "Vixen" was also arrested. It seems he's been in partnership with Butterworth, delivering the goods for him. But Butterworth escaped. Jumped into the river and disappeared into the woods. They're organizing a party to hunt him down. He may be at the bottom of the Chattahoochee for all any one knows."

Janice became as pale as death, and her eyes were glued to her plate. Not a word did she say.

"It's too bad," remarked Father Liscombe. "Such a splendid young fellow! Could be an ornament to society, and to choose such a criminal career!" Janice hastily swallowed a cup of coffee. Then rising, she excused herself and putting her hands on Uncle Stanhope's head, she whispered to him loud enough to be heard by the others:

"I promised Dorothy Green to help make a quilt. I'll be back before dark."

In a little while she was flying down the road on Butter Ball, and in less than an hour she was at Dorothy Green's, but not to make a quilt. At first she thought of going right on to town and braving it out with Uncle Stanhope; but on second thought, she decided to make "discretion the better part of valor", and so during the day she kept Green's phone hot, inquiring several times about the posse, and whether they

had found Butterworth, etc. At last, news came towards evening that Butterworth had been taken, and so with a sob in her throat she kissed Dorothy goodbye and galloped away into the gathering shadows.

The next day, in the forenoon, after being released from jail, Butterworth called upon Janice and made an appointment at the 'Old Mill'. At 2 P. M. she left the house on Butter Ball, telling Aunt Charlotte that she was going for a little ride. She found Butterworth looking pale and haggard. She ran up to him and kissed him, then drawing back she gave him a long searching look.

"You've suffered," she said.

"Yes!" he added bitterly, "and it's not all over. I must face trial on May 1st, and my conviction is certain. A long penitentiary term faces me. It will kill my father and mother, for they're good church-going people." Janice shuddered.

Then sitting together on a bench just outside the mill door, they conversed long and earnestly. Janice was home before 5 P. M., and at supper time seemed to be her usual self.

In the meantime between her arrival and supper, she had called up the Maloneys, holding quite a little gossipy chat, asking after some of the common friends, inquiring about some coming plays, and finally, just casually inquired about Patrick.

"Why, he's up stairs. I'll just call him down and let him speak for himself," said Anne who was doing the talking at the other end.

"Hello, Patrick!" said Janice. "I just wanted to congratulate you on your splendid adventure. You're the talk of the whole country. When are you coming out to Pine Grove? I'm very anxious to see you, and tell you face to face how proud we all are of you."

Remember that Patrick was still young and rather innocent. Life so far had not been very harsh with him. He had not much opportunity to rub off his horns. So he easily made an engagement to come out the following Sunday.

Sunday, February the 15th, was bright and beautiful, and true to his promise, about 11:30 before dinner, Patrick came rolling in, driving a small Ford. Janice in one of her prettiest dresses, was watching for him, and gave him a royal welcome, going into ecstasies over the little "Ford," saying she wished it were hers, etc., taking his overcoat and hat and in many ways showing herself extremely agreeable. Patrick was certainly flattered. Each moment she seemed to grow more beautiful and brilliant. And when she sat down to the "Grand" and gave

him an individual concert of her favorite songs, he completely capitulated and inwardly avowed that she was the most fascinating woman he had ever met. At dinner, too, she showed him marked attention, and in fact brought out all her dainty ways and pleasantries, so that all were more than pleased. Uncle Stanhope who had ever feared that she was too much interested in Butterworth, now felt certain that there was no attachment; for how could a woman be so gay and unconcerned if she realized that her lover was disgraced and faced a long penitentiary sentence? Thus, the girl fascinated every one that day by her kittenish ways and persuaded Patrick to stay over night, though he had intended returning to Pulaski that evening. After they had sat a while on the front porch, after dinner, Janice suddenly arose and said to Patrick:

"I have a nice program for the afternoon. You go now and take a nap, and at two we'll go for a horseback ride. I have some new country roads to show you."

Patrick consented, and both, leaving Uncle Stanhope, Charlotte and Father Liscombe chatting, went to prepare for the ride. At two o'clock they started, Patrick on "Hendricks" and Janice on "Butter Ball." She was in her riding toggery. They rode east and by four o'clock had returned to the very same spot right in front of Pine Grove.

"Come," said Janice, "Let us take a little run down to the old swimming pool. It won't take long."

They turned due South, entering a plantation road, past the gin, through two gates, and soon drew up under the great live oak, above the swimming pool near the Old Mill.

"Oh, isn't it just solemn and beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Look at the god of day just getting ready to pillow his head on that rack of clouds!" She jumped lightly to the ground, Patrick following.

"You hitch your horse to that sapling and I to this," she said, "they might get to fighting. And let's go out to the bluff."

Patrick did as directed and when she joined him, she had a long lariat in hand.

"What are you going to do with the rope?" asked Patrick.

"I always have the lariat hanging to my saddle," she replied, "when I ride in the country. I have a regular kit besides; a big knife, a boy-scout axe, and a six shooter."

"Phew!" said Patrick laughing, "You'd be a dangerous proposition to meet on a dark road."

"Yes!" she said, looking fixedly at him; "I would if I didn't like you, for I can love hard and hate hard."

They stood together on the bluff over the pool, gazing in admiration at the scene spread out below them. Then Janice suddenly turned and said:

"Come, I'm going to give you an exhibition. A young sailor in Norfolk taught me all kinds of tricks with a rope. Now watch!"

She then tied herself with many knots and with one jerk freed herself. In the same way many other tricks, Patrick looking on and smiling.

"Now stand here," she said. She tied his hand and foot. "Now jerk your hands apart." The rope fell to the ground, Patrick enjoyed it and laughed heartily. At last she said:

"Now stand with your back to this tree" (a great live oak). Patrick did so. Then she wound the rope around his body, then around the tree; then looped his wrists; then back and around his ankles, pulling it tight around the tree.

"Now!" she said as she stood in front of him, arms akimbo, "jerk!"

Patrick jerked but there was no give—he was tied immovable.

"I must have made a mistake," she said. "Jerk again!"

Patrick jerked again but with no better result. Then Janice gave a loud mocking laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! Patrick Maloney, you're trapped!"

Just then there was a rustle in a near by clump of bushes, and Butterworth stepped out leading Sultan by the bridle.

"Allow me to introduce to you, Mr. Clarence Butterworth, my fiance," she said.

"What!" exclaimed Patrick involuntarily, "that bootlegger!"

"Bootlegger or no bootlegger, he is a better man than you. Take that for your insult!" and with her little white fist she gave Patrick a sharp blow in the mouth. The blood trickled down from his chin from a cut made by Butterworth's engagement ring. I will not go into details on the revolting scene that followed. The demon of revenge had full play. Blows were rained upon Patrick's face and head by both. In a few minutes he was bleeding from many cuts. One eye was entirely closed, and the other nearly so. But Patrick was game and made no cry for mercy. His lips moved in prayer, for he was convinced that he saw murder in the eyes of both. Now in his heart he bitterly cursed his folly and wretched infatuation which made all this possible. As for

Janice, a supreme contempt swept over his soul. "That wretched Dalilah!" he muttered to himself. In comparison he now saw Isabelle standing like an angel of gentleness and sweetness. He wondered how for even one moment he could ever have ignored her and sentiments of deep contrition surged through his soul.

Now he was perceptibly weakening from the loss of blood, from many cuts, and at last his head dropped upon his breast and all went black before him. After a little while, a breath of cold air struck his face and revived him for the instant. His persecutors were gone but he felt sure that he was dying. Summoning all his strength, he tugged at the rope. He felt his right hand slipping out from the coil. He could do no more. Death would soon mercifully relieve him. He dipped his finger in the blood on his sleeve, and wrote on his left cuff, "Jan. & But. did this", and went off again into unconsciousness.

Presently a little black wooly head popped over the edge of the bluff and Samuel, Aunt Liza's little boy with a fishing line in his hand, came from the direction of the Old Mill.

"O Lordy!" he yelled as he saw the bleeding form of Patrick, and uttering a scream, he rushed towards the house. Fortunately he met Uncle Stanhope and the overseer at the gin.

"O—Marse—Stanhope—Mr.—Patrick—he—dead—hanging to de big tree!"

Uncle Stanhope and the overseer ran as fast as old legs would carry them, and soon arrived panting. Uncle Stanhope painted the air blue when he saw Patrick. It was only when he got him in bed at the house that he noticed the cuff and deciphered the words. Uncle Stanhope was crushed. Words failed him. But his teeth closed together with a snap. He was now completely disillusioned as regards Janice. Charlotte bathed the face of the unconscious man while awaiting the Doctor's arrival.

"The cuts are not so bad," he said; "but there has been great loss of blood and shock, but let us hope that youth and strong constitution will pull him through."

The news spread like wildfire, and the next day rumors came that twenty members of the Ku Klux Klan were hunting the guilty pair. Mr. and Mrs. Maloney came out immediately. Isabelle would not take no for an answer and she was installed as nurse.

Monday dawned and no news of the two culprits. Monday night about eleven o'clock, the moon shining brightly, two riders passed the

ford going towards Pine Grove. As they ascended the hill they looked back, and there silhouetted on the top of the long hill to the West, they saw a party of shirted horsemen, spectral in the cold moonlight.

"There they are!" said Butterworth. "Come!" and the two dashed forward.

A shot rang out behind them, but they paid no heed to it. Down past the gin they sped, the "Klan" gaining at every jump, for "Sultan" and "Butter Ball" were tired. They negotiated one of the gates with ease, but the second gate was caught some way. They were trapped. Butterworth drew back some yards, then put Sultan to it. He cleared the gate with a magnificent leap. Then turning and leaning over the gate, he seized Janice and swung her to the front of his saddle. None too soon, for the ghostly "Klan" were following close behind with yells and execrations. Another bullet whizzed by them. Butterworth made straight for the bluff. Sultan hesitated for an instant, then gave a tremendous leap, followed by a loud splash in the pool, mirrored under the moonlight. When the "Klan" reached the bluff, there was no sign of the lovers. The men searched every nook and corner, and at last went home in disgust.

The next day the bodies of the two lovers were found lodged against the gate in Clark's Creek just above the ford.

Patrick recovered consciousness that night and soon began to mend under care and a generous diet. At first Isabelle was very stiff.

"I'm willing to wait as long as Jacob waited for Rachel, if you say so," Patrick said. But Mrs. Maloney said that would be too long. So there was a beautiful wedding the following June. Uncle Stanhope sent the "Stemway" back to town, and eliminated everything that could recall Janice and her tragic end. He gradually recovered his equilibrium and still walks under the stars with his rosary.

THE END.

"Whatever you do, do not brood over your troubles or dwell upon things which happen to annoy you at the time. Think the pleasantest, happiest things possible. Hold the most charitable, loving thoughts towards others. Say the kindest, pleasantest things. Make an effort to radiate joy to everybody about you."

Catholic Anecdotes

A WORD OF PRAISE

Some time ago an Episcopalian minister made the following remarks on his observations on a lecture tour:

"I recently lectured in a little town in Michigan. It was Saturday night when I arrived, and Sunday noon I went to the hotel office. It was raining steadily,—one of those sleety, slushy, disagreeable days in winter. I said to the clerk:

"'What about the churches in this town?' He laughed and said:

"'I don't go to any church myself; I do not think much of church-going. And if you want to go and sit it out among a lot of empty pews, go over to my church; but if you want to see faithfulness, go to the Roman Catholic Church. All the morning I've seen them going past this office, and they go whether it rains or shines.'"

"'You seem to incline toward the Roman Catholic Church,' I said.

"'If I were going to be anything,' he replied, 'I would try to be it. I would not be a half-way. The Church seems to mean something to them. They do not sit at home because there happens to be a little rain. You will find them there regular as clock-work, and I believe, they mean every word they say.'"

All the world is looking at you, and you cannot tell whom you may be influencing for good by your example of faithfulness to Mass on Sundays. Keep that in mind especially in the coming vacation time.

THERE IS A LIMIT

Cardinal Vaughan, writing to his brother, Father Kenelm Vaughan, when the latter was on a collection tour in South America, wished to remind him of the necessity of sparing his health, and among other things gave him this counsel:

"I hope you will try to take a little more care of yourself. I have just been reading in the life of the Blessed John Colombini, that his wife

one day reproached him for bringing all sorts of beggars into the house and even filthy lepers. Blessed John replied:

"'But did you not yourself pray that I might learn to practise virtue and charity?'

"'Yes,' she retorted, 'I prayed for rain, but not for the deluge!'

"Apply this to yourself, and come home for a rest."

PRAYER AND A RED-BLOODED MAN

One of the noblest figures in American history is that of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

He was a red-blooded man, if ever there was one. "Duty," he wrote, "is the sublimest word in the language." It was devotion to duty alone that made him answer the call of the South and lead its armies. He says: "I did what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor. My only object is to repel the invaders of our peace and the despoilers of our homes."

Unsurpassed as a soldier, this true American was man of simple, child-like faith. Bradford (of Massachusetts) says of him: "Lee has but one intimate friend,—God." His private and official correspondence, his bearing in victory and in affliction, his habit of daily fervent prayer, alike testify to Lee's love of God and trust in Him.

No word of impropriety ever crossed his knightly lips. His life was as pure as the dreams of an innocent girl. Daily he besought Almighty God on his knees, to protect his country and enlighten his enemies, and in the awful hours after Gettysburg, occupied externally with conducting one of the most masterly retreats in all history, he wrote:

"I trust that a merciful God, our only hope and refuge, will not desert us in this hour of need, and will deliver us by His almighty hand, that the whole world may recognize His power and all hearts be lifted up in adoration and praise of His unbounded loving kindness. We must, however, submit to His Almighty Will, whatever it may be. May God guide and protect us all."

In another letter he wrote at that sad time:

"In his own good time, God will relieve us, and make all things work together unto good, if we give Him our love and place in Him all our trust."

And when the war was over, he said:

"I have a task which I must now perform. I shall devote my life to training young men to do their duty in life."

Duty was his light and guide. But this great Christian soldier held that man's first duty was to God.

THE PENITENT ROMANCER

When Paul Feval announced that he had written his last romance, those sitting in the seats of the scornful dubbed him "the penitent romancer". Yet surely the story of the conversion of this celebrated French novelist is itself a remarkable romance.

For thirty years money had poured in and Paul Feval at sixty still longed for more. He invested his all, but overnight it was swept away.

"What can I do? What would you do in my place?" he asked his wife, the mother of eight children.

The answer of his wife, who might have seen only desolation and despair for herself, and her children, had she looked through her husband's spectacles, is soulstirring in its simplicity:

"In your case, dear husband, I should go to confession."

Feval had no intention of doing any such thing when he went to talk over his business affairs with a priest. But at that time he knew nothing of the workings of grace or of the demands created by the continuous prayers of his life's partner. He who had not been to confession since he had made his first Holy Communion fifty years before, left the presbytery unworried by his financial difficulties, repeating to himself:

"I love God, I belong to Him, I will always love Him!"

That love was grounded in penitence and penitence had to be shown in works. The future no longer disturbed him, but he had much to disturb him when he thought of the past. He was converted, but his books were not—and there were more than a hundred of these on the market. He set himself the task of revising everyone of them, preparing new editions in which he eliminated every objectionable passage.

That done, he turned to writing again; but now he wrote only of God and the Church. His works "Jesuits", and "The Steps of a Conversion" are among the most notable offerings of any lay apologist in modern times.

Pointed Paragraphs

"LO! THIS IS HER SON!"

Now the paths are bright with roses and a myriad of flowers. The glory and luxuriance of new life is everywhere. Fling wide, then, the doors of our schools and let the procession of our graduates,—the flowers of our Catholic homes and parishes,—file out. It is summer for the Church, too.

But pause, graduates, and think of the poet's words:

"Remember the world will be quick with its blame,

If shadow or stain ever darken your name;

'Like mother, like son,'—is a saying so true,—

The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be yours then the task,—if task it shall be,—

To force this proud world to do homage to me.

Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won:

'She reaps as she sowed. Lo! This is her son!'

And what holds in regard to the mother who brought you into this world, holds also in regard to your Alma Mater, your school,—and of your spiritual mother the Church. Do honor to them in honoring yourself.

A PRAYER FOR JUNE

If June is love's favorite month, it is most fit that the mind of the faithful has consecrated it to the Heart of Jesus, the source and symbol of all true love.

We subjoin a short prayer, which might serve very well as a daily act of devotion for the month:

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! humbly prostrate before you, we come to renew our consecration, with the resolution of repairing, by an increase of love and fidelity towards you, all the outrages unceasingly offered you. Yes we solemnly promise:

The more your mysteries are blasphemed,—the more firmly we shall believe them, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!

The more impiety endeavors to extinguish our hopes of immortality,—the more we shall trust in your Heart, sole hope of mortals!

The more hearts resist your divine attractions,—the more we shall love you, O infinitely amiable Heart of Jesus!

The more your divinity shall be attacked,—the more we shall adore it, O divine Heart of Jesus!

The more your holy laws shall be forgotten and transgressed,—the more we shall observe them, O most holy Heart of Jesus!

The more your Sacraments shall be despised and neglected,—the more we shall receive Thee with love and respect, O most liberal Heart of Jesus!

The more your adorable virtues shall be forgotten,—the more we shall endeavor to practise them, O Heart, model of every virtue!

The more the demon labors to destroy souls,—the more we shall be inflamed with desire to save them, O Heart of Jesus, zealous lover of souls!

The more pride and sensuality tend to destroy abnegation and love of duty,—the more generous we shall be in overcoming ourselves, O Heart of Jesus!

O Sacred Heart, give us so strong and powerful a grace that we may be your apostles in the midst of the world, and your crown in a happy eternity. Amen.

FALLACY OF MANHOOD

We have been coddling our men, I fear. We have been satisfied to see them shorten their prayers, reduce their attendance at divine service and especially at the Sacraments to a minimum. And if they have but little piety, we have almost come to regard it as a pardonable foible of manhood. But why this should be so, is difficult to say.

Do men owe less reverence to God than women? Do men reserve for themselves only the things of this world and the language of the street? Do men lose less because the religious side of their character has not been developed than women under similar conditions do? Is neglect of duty more pardonable in man than in woman?

Or is there anything in piety—real piety and devotion—prayer, hearing Mass or frequenting Sacraments, that is degrading or effem-

inate or enervating? No, not by any means. It would be sufficient to point to real giants of courage and achievement to show this.

Away then, with the double standard in this as well as in all other obligations. Demolish the old fancy that prayer or the sacraments might sap your vitality or make you less a man. A man is one who can do his duty no matter what it costs. The duty of religion is one of man's first and highest duties.

Christ, the ideal man, was eminently religious; yet never was there such an example of manly courage and undaunted bravery. So that even his foes had to admit: "Master, we know that thou speakest the truth and hast fear of no man."

THE PITY OF IT

"It is pitiable," said someone to me,—*"the condition of So-and-so. He knows that a certain thing is harmful to him, that it is bringing him slowly but surely to the grave. His own son pleads with him; he himself longs for life and dreads death. Yet he must have his gratification!"*

It is quite true; it is pitiable: it is such a writing down of human intelligence and reason, such a wilful perversion of common-sense. That is what shocks us most about it. Still, So-and-so is old and I can excuse him; he is not far from the grave at any rate, there is nothing shameful in death and really no one depends on him.

But it makes me think of other cases that are far more pitiable.

Here, for instance, is a young man, with all the prospects of life before him. There is nothing he might not attain if he wanted to. He has the education to do it—he has the talents to do it—he has the chances to do it.

But deliberately, he frustrates all his chances and tramples his talents in the dust. He knows that drink is his ruin,—morally, mentally and physically (and despite, perhaps because of prohibition, he gets drink); he knows it, because he sees what it has done in homes in the circle of his own acquaintance; he knows that late and irregular hours are painting black circles under his eyes and playing havoc with his nervous system; he knows, he sees, that something is making him absolutely undependable and that that something is not work or piety or

decent home-life or regular hours; he knows that his honesty is under suspicion and that his actions are bringing secret tears to the eyes of his parents; he knows that he is putting to shame those who are nearest to him and should be dearest—who have ever followed him with deepest interest and sincerest well-wishing and continuous prayers; who have admired and trusted him.

Would you believe it? A young man with mind and reason and power to think—knowing all this—can deliberately go on the path of drink and gambling and dishonesty?

It is not death that he is bringing to himself. No—it is the death of his youth, his name, his future. It is not himself only he ruins; it is slow torture and long agony that he is building up like a funeral pile for tender loyal hearts.

Oh the shame of it! And this young man is many a father's and mother's boy.

BILLS, BILLS, BILLS

The first bills are created in Congress: the Sterling-Towner (education) Bill,—the Sheppard-Towner (maternity) Bill,—the Fess-Kenyon (social welfare) Bill, etc., etc. Every bill takes a peck at the Constitution. The second bills, are the ones you and I must pay to keep our legislators talking about these bills and then support the army of "social reformers" who are to collect them. Then, there are bills that quack.

A Kansas paper thus describes its condition when it was struck with this Bill-disease:

"A special car of the State Health Board, in charge of a richly gowned and jewelled woman, came to town not long ago, and mothers were commanded to hurry to the depot to take instructions on how to raise their babies.

"Next came a government nurse, another unmarried woman, weighing the babies and instructing the mothers as to the sort of infants they must give birth to hereafter.

"Now our farmers are notified that they must pay a specialist from one of our higher institutions of learning, to tell them how to feed hogs.

"It is safe to say that there are in this county today 500 officials,

During the first week of May the Society of the Propagation of the Faith celebrated its hundredth anniversary at its American headquarters in New York. In these one hundred years the society collected and distributed to the needy missions over \$100,000,000.

* * *

His Holiness Pope Pius XI has welcomed the Knights of Columbus to Rome, according to a report of E. L. Hearn, European Commissioner for the organization, in charge of Italian activities.

The Knights have opened their headquarters at 25 Via Marette, with a club and information bureau. The personnel is composed of war workers who served with the A. E. F. The Vatican officials are co-operating with the K. of C. commissioner in his task of establishing a central headquarters in Rome to radiate K. of C. American welfare work throughout all Italy.

* * *

The Official Catholic Directory of 1922 contains in the general summary, interesting statistics which show that members and clergy of the Catholic Church in the United States are increasing.

In the United States and its possessions there are now 28,558,048 Roman Catholics, and of this large number 18,104,804 are in the United States. This is an increase in this country of 219,158,—a figure which is 68 per cent greater than the gain reported in the 1921 directory.

* * *

The total population of the Hawaiian Islands is placed at 260,000. The Japanese number about 100,000, and the Chinese about 20,000; almost all these Orientals are pagans. The remainder of the population is made up of Hawaiians, Portuguese, Filipinos, Coreans, Spanish, English, Germans, Russians and Americans. Religions are as varied as the races. The Catholic Church, however, maintains an honorable position, with its 68,821 faithful. The Vicariate possesses one Bishop, 43 Priests, 46 Brothers, and 73 Sisters. There are more than a hundred churches and chapels, an orphanage for boys, and another for girls. Catholic priests and nuns have charge of one large government leper asylum, and several smaller ones for leprous children or the offspring of lepers.

* * *

The Rev. Timothy Dempsey of St. Louis settled a strike recently between the union carpenters and the Master Builders' Association. This is the thirty-ninth strike he settled.

Members of the executive board of the National Council of Catholic Men, with Admiral W. S. Benson presiding, met in Denver and drew up the following plan of work: intensive campaign in behalf of Catholic Colleges and for the extension of the parochial system; support for the establishment of a Catholic college for negroes; financial aid for Catholic welfare work among Mexicans. It was decided to hold the next convention in Washington, D. C., September 18 and 19.

Plans were announced for a great Holy Name parade in Washington in October, when it is expected that there will be 50,000 in line.

* * *

Dr. Hubert Work, Postmaster General, insists on the prohibition to send through the mails birth control literature. The latest bulletin for postal officials contains the following: "It is a criminal offense to send or receive obscene or indecent matter by mail or express. The forbidden matter includes anything printed or written, or any indecent pictures, or any directions or drugs or articles for the prevention of conception. The offense is punishable by five thousand dollars or five years in the penitentiary or both."

* * *

President Harding, in a letter of inquiry from Mrs. Frank L. Applegate, of Oregon, repudiates the Ku Klux Klan. His private secretary sent the following to Mrs. Applegate:

"You may be sure that any statement of the President's interest in or approval of the Ku Klux Klan is a complete and egregious misrepresentation of the President's attitude. In some quarters it has even been represented that the President is a member of this organization. Not only is that untrue, but the fact is that the President heartily disapproves of the organization and has frequently expressed himself to this effect."

* * *

In New Hampshire, on account of the lax divorce laws, one out of every six marriages ends up in the divorce court, and the evil is growing. Gov. Brown, alarmed at the situation, has appointed a State Commission on Divorce for the enactment of stricter laws. Joseph Madden, a Catholic attorney, was selected as chairman of the committee.

* * *

At the International Convention of the National League of Women, which met at Washington last month, Miss Carrie C. Catt and Lady Astor insinuated that the Catholic Church is responsible for the failure of women suffrage to make progress in Catholic countries. Baroness Helen de Bisping, of Poland, at once denied the charge for Poland. South American women denied it for their own countries and produced evidence. Mrs. Michael P. Gavin, president of the National Council of Catholic Women, refuted it by a brief survey of conditions in all Catholic countries.

Lady Astor further asserted that America "was founded by Protestants and in the Protestant Faith". And she objected to the efforts of the K. of C. for a pure American history, saying: "I think that's very unfortunate. This is a Protestant country, based on Protestant faith. Catholics are welcome here, let them come. But they must remember that our foundations are Protestant and they can't be changed."

Lady Astor has voluntarily given up her citizenship and made herself an Englishwoman; what is she talking about "our" country for? The K. of C. at once responded to her remarks, calling them,— "impudence, coming from a voluntary expatriate."

—THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Are there any Redemptorist houses in France?

There are two provinces of the Redemptorist Fathers in France,—that of Paris, and that of Lyons,—both flourishing as far as numbers and labors are concerned. Before the French government forbade all religious communities, both provinces possessed many "houses" or established communities. After that the Fathers continued to live and labor in France, but could not maintain communities. Now, since the war, the government is not molesting them, though they once more form communities.

If a person was proxy for another person at the Baptism of a child, and the priest did not know it, would it make the Baptism invalid?

No; it would not make the Baptism invalid, because the presence of a sponsor is merely a ceremony which the Church adds to the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism as instituted by Christ. Nor would priest's not knowing it, prevent the person represented by proxy from being the true sponsor.

Are there more Catholics than Protestants in the world?

I. It is generally said that about 1,500,000,000 beings inhabit the earth. Of these, in round numbers, about 1,000,000,000 have not yet acknowledged Christ, and are divided among the many sects of Buddhism, Brahmanism, Mahometanism, Fetishism and infidelity.

II. On the condition of the remaining five hundred million or so, the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, says: "Eighteen centuries after the Redemption of the world, there are but 500,000,000 of Christians; and of these little more than one half are Catholics; the others being divided among the Schismatics and the multitudinous sects of Protestantism."

III. To be somewhat more exact, according to the census of 1906-1908, the total number of Christians is over 617,000,000. The number of Catholics

according to the papal year-book is over 316,888,000. The Greek Schismatics number about 128,000,000; while the various Protestant denominations added together make about 200,000,000.

Were any of our Popes married?

St. Peter, the first Pope, was as far as we know, a widower. It is possible that some of the Popes, before the celibacy of the clergy became a universal law (about the fourth century) were married men. There is even now no law to prevent widowers from becoming priests and possibly Popes.

Who was Lucrezia Borgia?

Lucrezia Borgia (born in 1480) was the daughter of Rodrigo Borgia, who later on (in 1492) was elected Pope, under the name of Alexander VI. Both of these personages have been subjected to a great amount of mud-slinging. Lucrezia, in drama and opera, is represented as a veritable fiend; in history, however, she was a model wife and princess, lauded by all for her amiability, virtue and charity. Alexander VI's life before his election, seems to have been from a moral standpoint so notorious that no Catholic historian ever attempted to defend him. Yet he was a powerful and capable ruler, and succeeded in preserving the independence of the Holy See at a time when a more unworldly Pope would probably have failed. It shows the truth of Christ's words: Behold I am with you all days,—that even with what we might call a "bad" Pope, no error was taught in faith or morals.

Were there at any time in the Church two Popes reigning simultaneously?

There were times in the Church when, beside the true Pope, there were so-called anti-popes,—pretended claimants of the papal throne. At one time, indeed, there were two such anti-popes who succeeded in gaining so wide a following that to many it must have been quite doubtful which was the true Pope. That was what is called the "Great Western Schism",—from 1378-1429.

Some Good Books

Maryknoll at Ten. By Rev. Wm. S. Kress. Issued by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York.

Ten years is a comparatively short time—yet in such a period of time men filled with zeal for the things of God and of immortal souls can accomplish wonders. Witness the steady yet rapid growth of the American Seminary for Foreign Missions as portrayed in this short history.

In 1911 Fathers James Anthony Walsh and Thomas Frederick Price, with the approval of the Archbishops of the country and the authorization of Pope Pius X, laid the humble beginnings of the new Foreign Mission Society. Today, after a lapse of only ten years, the Society has a seminary well on the way to completion, a Preparatory College, a band of Auxiliary Brothers, and most remarkable of all, a dozen or more American missionaries actively engaged in the Foreign Missions of China. God grant that generous souls offer themselves for the work, or at least aid it with their prayers and financial support.

Sisters of Service. By Rev. George Thomas Daly, C. SS. R. Published by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada. 67 Bond Street, Toronto.

Wherever God's work is to be done, there virgins consecrated to His service are in demand. Western Canada looms up as a vast field where a harvest of souls is waiting to be gathered into the Master's barns. Lest the harvest be lost through lack of workers, a new order of nuns has been founded, known as the "Sisters of Service."

In his excellent pamphlet Father Daly tells us the two principal objects of this new community. "To protect and strengthen the faith, particularly among the foreign-born in the out-lying districts of Western Canada, where there are no resident priests; to counteract by their presence and their work in the school and the home the influence of aggressive and unscrupulous proselytizers."

Father Daly closes with an appeal to the Catholic womanhood of Canada to consecrate themselves to this ministry of protection and salvation.

The Knight's Promise. By A. E. Whittington. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 44 Barclay Street, New York. Price \$1.75; postpaid \$1.85.

Here is a good story for boys. It recounts the experiences of Anthony Wetherall during his first years at St. Sebastian's College, where he forms friendship with such sterling Catholic boys as Bernie Barker, Gerald Walsh, Jimmy Day and Jack Lucas, and encounters Jordan, the college bully.

On his first meeting with his friends, he notices the little gold cross of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament in the buttonholes of their coats. Later he learns the ideals of the Knights and the promises they are called upon to make. He thinks the idea simply grand, and by request is received into the circle of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament.

American boys will be interested in this account of life in an English college, and will naturally compare American customs and modes of expression with those of England.

You and Yours. By Martin J. Scott, S. J. Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, 44 Barclay St., New York. Price, cloth, \$1.50; paper, 35c.

Father Scott's books are familiar to all readers of Catholic literature. He is not a stranger to us. We know this about him,—he speaks plainly, bluntly, interestingly. He touches all human problems.

This book is for everybody,—as the title says: *You and Yours*. And you and yours ought to read it.

It will make a good book to present to the boys and girls graduating from our high schools and colleges.

It will be good to give as a present to June brides and grooms, as a little but worthy beginning of their home library.

Lucid Intervals

"Liza, I hears 'at yoh daughtah's church weddin' was some sho' nuff skrumphus function."

"I'll say 'twas. 'At 'ere gal of mine flang a wicked nuptial, ef I does say it myself."

"John," said the wife, "you'll have to take that ball away from baby; he hit sister on the head with it."

"Yes, dear," answered the husband; "but you should have seen the curve the little cuss had on it."

"Sir," screeched the wild-haired man, "are you opposed to free speech?"

"Not unless I am compelled to listen to it," replied old Festus Pester.

"But surely," said the haughty dame, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat?"

"Of course, madam," the guard replied, "provided he does not put his feet on it."

Workmen were making repairs on the wires in an Idaho schoolhouse one Saturday when a small boy wandered in.

"What you doin'?" he asked.

"Installing an electric switch," one of the workmen said.

The boy then volunteered: "I don't care. We've moved away, and I don't go to this school any more."

Hirshkind—Und vat may be the price of this watch?

Jeweler—10 pounds.

Hirshkind (to himself)—He asks 10; he means eight; he'll dake six; it's vorth four; I'll offer two."

Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes Papa," said Maurice; "I am going to make believe I am asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."

"Othello" was being played by colored home talent. At the place where Othello asks Desdemona where the handkerchief is which he has given her the Moor approached Desdemona and cried: "Des-da-mona, wha' is dat han'k'chief?"

No answer.

Louder: "De-De-Des-da-mona, wha' is dat han'k'chief?"

Still no answer.

Still louder: "De-De-Des-da-mona, I command yo' to give me dat han'k'chief!"

Just then an old negro woman arose in the rear of the room and exclaimed: "Now, look heah, Nathan, wipe yo' nose on yo' sleeve and let dat play go on!"

A teacher was conducting a lesson in history.

"Tommy Jones," she said, "what was there about George Washington which distinguished him from all other famous Americans?"

"He didn't lie," was the prompt answer.

A college professor, noted for strict discipline, entered the classroom one day and noticed a girl student sitting with her feet in the aisle and chewing gum.

"Mary," exclaimed the indignant professor, "take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

A rather simple-looking lad halted before a blacksmith's shop on his way home from school and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest.

The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the boy's curiosity, held a piece of red-hot iron suddenly under the youngster's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat.

"If you'll give me half a dollar I'll lick it," said the lad.

The smith took from his pocket half a dollar and held it out.

The simple-looking youngster took the coin, licked it, dropped it in his pocket and slowly walked away whistling.

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